

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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ANGELS.

Fair are the feet that bring the news
Of gladness unto me;
How many messengers God hath
If we had eyes to see!

Thine an'els speak, but still must we
The hearing ear bestow;
They smite the rock, but our own lips
Must stoop to drink the flow.

Lo! all things are thine angels, Lord,
That bring my God to me.
Oh for the ear to hear their word!
Oh for the eye to see!

—*Anonymous.*

HOW TO KNOW GOD.

What the people say who have lived with most success is that we can find God "if we seek for him with all our hearts." These are the words of Moses, the greatest man who has yet lived, and those words have been repeated by the leaders of life.

In the first place, we must listen and see what he has to say. Form the habit of going off by yourself at a fixed hour every day "to see what God has to say to you." Listen and find if there is not some answer, and what that answer is. I have known a man

who told me he had such a place of conference or rendezvous in the attic of his store. He went upstairs. None of the clerks or boys asked themselves why or to which story he went. Of course there were a hundred reasons why the master of the store might have to go upstairs. He went up and up every morning. No one need see, no one need ask why, or did ask. He came to his "oratory." In the New Testament it is called a "closet." There he could sit on a box he had for the purpose; he could let the downstairs cares drop off; he could, and did, forget the prices of sugar and flour and candles and the rest; he forgot the mail and the unanswered letters, so far that he could ask what God wanted him to do and to be that day. He did ask, and he waited five minutes before he went downstairs, to see what answer came. Sometimes he had his answer. Sometimes he thought he did not. But I have suspected that he always had it, though he did not always have it in his own way. I think he went downstairs better able to work with God that day than if he had not gone up, and better able to carry out the large laws of life,—and this, whether he were conscious or were not conscious of God's reply to his questions.

I should advise any man who had such a closet to keep in it a Bible and any other book which he liked, which seemed to him strong and positive, not necessarily to read every day, but to open if he wanted to, and to take a tonic or a stimulus from it. It is a good thing sometimes to get a good flavor on one's tongue.

The man who tries to acquaint himself with God's methods and ways of work finds himself engaged in what Jeremy Taylor calls the "practice of the presence of God." Bishop Taylor puts it in his plan of daily life as the third of the methods or instruments by which a man will secure full strength for daily duty. Taylor counts the "care of time" as the second. We have taken "purity of intention" for granted, and, having considered the "care of time," we come directly to this

"practice of the presence of God" as a daily habit for any man who wants more strength than the separate human body could claim or expect, if the e were not a "Power which makes for righteousness," which can be secured in alliance to the separate human body. God is at work in this universe which is outside of me. I will find out how he works. I will find out what he wants. I can then row my boat in the direction in which his river flows, and I need not be pulling against the current or across it, as a man might do who did not know how or why it was flowing.

For you have a right to remember, and you gradually come to know that you can partake of the divine nature of this Power which makes for righteousness. This is the direct statement of the Christian religion. And the shortest and easiest way for any man to test that statement is to try the experiment. Let him hold daily conversation with God, let him every day study God's methods of work, let him look forward as if he were immortal, as an angel of light would do, let him keep the body under, as such an angel would do, let him keep up such a course of life for ten years or twenty, and then let him tell us, or let him tell the world he lives in, whether he does not know what is meant by being "a partaker of the divine nature." Man is the child of God, the child of this Power which makes for righteousness, who is in all nature. Man is not simply the creature of this Power, as an oak-tree is or as the crystal is. Man is his child. Man can know something of his wishes, can know something of his purposes, can go about his business. If man is wise, he tries to do so. And in that very trial he learns more of those wishes and purposes and of that business, and partakes, as the Bible says, more intimately of that nature.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure;
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

—*E. Hatch.*

HUMAN LOVE THE KEY OF THE TEMPLE.

Father, thou knowest how weak I am, and how my heart swerves and falters forever on the road to thee; and months and years pass on, and I repent a thousand times, and make fresh resolutions of better obedience, and yet at the end am scarcely nearer to thee than at first. To-day it has come to me to learn that all this time I have been living so far from thee, because I have not drawn near enough to thy children, but have been following a hard law of duty toward them instead of thy dear law of love. O God, open my heart to this wider, sweeter charity. Let me put myself and my rights and my duties on another footing than I have hitherto done in my thoughts, and think, not so much what I ought to do for my neighbor, as what I may be allowed to do to bless and help any child of thine. If any one treat me unkindly, instead of the hard effort to pardon the wrong, let me grieve only for the breach of good will and try all I may to heal it again, or, if it may be so, to conceal and forget it from the first. O Father, make me recall always how much thou hast forgiven of my ingratitude and disobedience, and how thou lovest me still, unworthy as I am, and then I shall be able to love those who can never sin against me as I have sinned against thee. Help me to lead a life of love and sympathy and generosity, and so make my cold and narrow heart fit at last to be thy dwelling-place. Let me live in love and live in thee, thou God of love!—*"Alone to the Alone" compiled by Frances Power Cobbe.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

OFFERS.

Any one desiring school-books please apply to Mrs. W. M. Cameron, 5 Sargent Street, Dorchester, Mass.

The Springfield Branch offers the following books. Address Miss Clara D. Hoar, Crescent Hill, Springfield, Mass. "Three Proverb Stories," Louisa M. Alcott; "Stories for Children," Lucretia P. Hale; Ander-

sen's "Tales for Children"; "Dotty Dimple at her Grandmother's"; "Little Prudy's Captain Horace"; "Little Prudy's Sister Susie"; "Little Folks Astray"; "Little Grandmother"; "His Level Best," E. E. Hale; "Art of Letter Writing," Jennie Taylor Wandle; "Heroes and Hero Worship," Carlyle; "Little Flower Folk."

REQUESTS.

1. I will be so glad if some one will send me some light reading,—any good novels, especially some of the new books. But anything will be appreciated. I live alone with my father, so of course get very lonely. We live in the country on a small farm, not in sight of a neighbor even, so have but little society; and I am not able to buy books or papers. I have been almost an invalid for years, but am much better now. Thanking you in advance, Miss Jennie Billingsley, Lignum, Culpepper County, Virginia.

2. I want to thank you all for your kindness to me during the past winter. I am unable to find words to express the pleasure it has given me to receive reading matter from you. The spring is here, but we still live in this remote neighborhood, so we shall need reading almost as badly as we did in winter; for we are too far from any church to attend either preaching or Sunday-school. I enjoy reading *Every Other Sunday*. My grandma wishes me to thank you for the literature you have sent her. Stella P. Snapp, Buchanan, Virginia.

3. We live fifteen miles from any depot in the mountainous country of Virginia, where we have no good churches or schools. My father is a farmer, and has to work very hard. My mother is very delicate, and they are not able to buy us books. We would be thankful for any reading to help us pass the lonely hours. I will also pass books on to my neighbors. Miss Myrtle E. Thomas, Elamsville, Patrick County, Virginia.

4. Mrs. C. L. Boynton, Lodi, California, R. F. D. No. 2, lives in a lonely place and would like books.

5. I would be glad if you would send me a book on natural history or any kind of ancient history. It is very lonely out here on the prairie, and I am very fond of reading. History is especially interesting to me. We have just lately moved to a new part of the

country, and, as I am not acquainted with any one here, I am more lonely than before. I haven't seen a woman since we moved over here about two weeks ago. Mrs. O. E. Thornburg, Montezuma, Kansas.

6. Ida M. Parrick, Cannas, Washington, asks for reading for self and children.

7. Mrs. William Smith, Peachland, Anson County, North Carolina, would like easy reading for her four small children.

8. Annie E. Finder, Cosby, Virginia, asks for a school dictionary.

9. Mrs. R. C. Duval, Locust Grove, Virginia, asks for Cæsar's "Gallic Wars," Jaynes's "German Dictionary," and Meissner's "German Grammar."

10. *Youth's Companion* for 1906 is asked for by Mrs. Anna Fields, R. F. D. No. 1, Lebanon, Ohio.

11. Piedmont is a cotton manufacturing town of about three thousand people. The company keeps up a library of some five or six hundred books, and adds more to it from time to time. So you see, all that will, have a chance to get all the library books they want; but there is a large class of people (especially negroes) who do not take advantage of the opportunity,—a class that you could hardly persuade to read a book of any size, but will read papers and small things, such as the *Cheerful Letter*, *Southern Workman*, *Pay*, *Pray*, *Prosper*,—something that they can pass on to others. That is the class I am trying to reach. When I get these small books and papers, I just write on the margin, "Read and pass on to others," and turn it loose, never expecting to see it again. So I do think that I am doing at least some good. I have been scattering literature in this way for twenty-five or thirty years, and shall be glad to scatter all the small books, papers, or pictorial cards that are sent me,—in short, anything that I can turn loose, not expecting it to be returned. With many thanks for past favors, and wishing for your band of Cheerful Letter Exchange a long and useful life, J. J. McWhorter, Piedmont, South Carolina.

12. As we have changed our address from Hagerman, New Mexico, to Roswell, New Mexico, I thought I would let the Cheerful

Letter friends know, so if they were sending me books or periodicals they would come direct to me here. Thanking all who have sent reading matter to me in the past, (Mrs.) Eddie V. Pool, Roswell, New Mexico.

13. Miss A. Appleton, South Brewer, Maine, asks for Appleton's "Fifth Reader," "Romola," "Our Mutual Friend," and "Stepping Stones to Literature."

14. Mrs. Ellen Bradburn, Reck, Indian Territory, asks for a book of poems or magazine for herself and any reading for her eleven-year-old son.

15. I am a poor girl, and never was fortunate enough to get good literature to read, and I am very fond of reading and would be very thankful to get something good to read. I do not like any cheap novels or anything like that, but I would like some of Poe's, Shakespeare's, or Longfellow's works, or a good magazine. Willa Clements, Centralia, Indian Territory.

16. Mrs. Martha W. Guy, Germantown, Kentucky, would like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Out of Darkness into Light," and *St. Nicholas* for 1906.

17. Mrs. Dora Smith, Wadesboro, North Carolina, will be glad of any reading.

18. Walter Hester, Moravian Falls, North Carolina, asks for books or papers.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

A CHILD'S EXPERIENCE.

I well remember that the strongest feelings I ever entertained toward any human being were toward a sister born when I was nine years old. I doubt whether any event in my life ever exerted so strong an educational influence over me as her birth. The emotions excited in me were overwhelming for above two years, and I recall them as vividly as ever now when I see her with a child of her own in her arms. I threw myself on my knees many times in a day, to thank God that he permitted me to see the growth of a human being from the beginning. I leaped from my bed gayly every morning as this thought beamed upon me with the morning light. I learned all my lessons without missing a word for many months, that I might be worthy to watch her in the nursery during

my play hours. I used to sit on a stool opposite to her as she was asleep, with a Bible on my knees, trying to make out how a creature like this might rise from "strength to strength," till it became like Christ. My great pain was (and it was truly at times a despair) to think what a work lay before this thoughtless little being. I could not see how she was to learn to walk with such soft and pretty limbs, but the talking was the despair. I fancied that she would have to learn every word separately, as I learned my French vocabulary; and I looked at the big Johnson's Dictionary till I could not bear to think about it. If I, at nine years old, found it so hard to learn through a small book like that vocabulary, what would it be to her to begin at two years old such a big one as that? Many a time I feared that she could not possibly learn to speak. And, when I thought of all the trees and plants and all the stars and all the human faces she must learn, to say nothing of lessons, I was dreadfully oppressed and almost wished she had never been born. Then followed the relief of finding that walking came of itself, step by step, and then that talking came of itself, word by word at first, and then many new words in a day. Never did I feel a relief like this when the dread of this mighty task was changed into amusement at her funny use of words and droll mistakes about them. This taught me the lesson, never since forgotten, that a way always lies open before us for all that it is necessary for us to do, however impossible and terrible it may appear beforehand. I felt that, if an infant could learn to speak, nothing is to be despaired of from human powers, exerted according to Nature's laws. Then followed the anguish of her childish illnesses, the misery of her wailing after vaccination, when I could neither bear to stay in the nursery nor to keep away from her; and the terror of the back stairs, and of her falls, when she found her feet; and the joy of her glee when she first knew the sunshine and the flowers and the opening spring; and the shame if she did anything rude, and the glory when she did anything right and sweet. The early life of that child was to me a long course of intense emotions which, I am certain, have constituted the most important part of my education. I speak openly of them here, because I am bound to tell the best I know about household education; and on that, as on most subjects, the best we have to tell is our own experience. And I tell it the more readily because I am

certain that my parents had scarcely any idea of the passions and emotions that were working within me through my own unconsciousness of them at the time and the natural modesty which makes children conceal the deepest and strongest of their feelings; and it may be well to give parents a hint that more is passing in the hearts of their children, on the occasion of the gift of a new soul to the family circle, than the ingenuous mind can recognize for itself or know how to confide.—*Harriet Martineau.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BARN SWALLOW.

The robins come and tell us that spring is on her way from the sunny south, but a flurry of snow gives us a doubt of the truth of his blurred song. A few blackbirds come piping their way toward the north, and a plaintive "pewee" from the low hanging bough tells us that some insect life has heard the glad summons to awake. Still we have not felt the soft touch which spring gives as the early orchard buds open their tender pink to the sun's warm caress.

As tender green outlines those branches which have grown rosy after the winter's storms, a glad twittering comes floating down, and we know spring is here; for the barn swallows have returned. What histories of happy childhood that soft low twittering brings to mind! Just his contented little twittering song, as he sits preening a wing on the top of the barn roof, makes memory's dark curtain roll back and happy, childish voices come ringing from the past.

Up In The Hay Lofts.

The present is lost, and the old high-timbered loft with its sweet scent of hay, the sound of the horses below contentedly munching their feed, the low cooing of the pigeons on the rafters overhead, and the sound of childish laughter, all come surging back through memory's dark hall. Voices long since quiet come back clear and bright as they were wont. The swallow on the roof ceases his twittering, and the heavy curtain drops again; the voices are hushed, and the bright sun of to-day shines again.

Look at this little bird as he flies,—no, not as he flies, as he cuts the air and floats upon it. He never appears to fly; for he merely seems to open and shut his long pointed wings, and he rises and falls and floats on the ocean of air as light as thistle down. As he pursues

his tiny prey, he seems to be moving about in the air for the mere pleasure which his light motions give him. He passes close overhead, and you hear him murmuring some low, glad notes.

We can only guess what he is saying to himself, but it sounds as though he were thinking of all the sweetest things possible to tell his mate when they set up house-keeping on the rafters in the barn. All summer long as they attend to their household duties, you may hear that same low, sweet tone coming from the loft as you pass about in the stable below. If this same twittering is so pleasing to our dense human ear, how happy it must make his dainty mate to have him saying constantly the same sweet things which first won her.

Wise Little People.

I often watch these little birds and wonder how they know just what mud to select, so that the nest can be built firm and strong as it sticks fast to the side of some rafter. This rough mud cup would not do for their delicate eggs, so a few bits of hay or straw are introduced in the bottom to give shape to the feathers used for the bed for the eggs. How careful the mother bird is as she places and replaces the downy chicken feathers which she uses for the cradle proper.

After she has placed a good number of feathers in the nest, she will get in and settle herself as she would during incubation, to see if it is just as comfortable as she would wish. She turns around and around to try it in all positions. Then, finding it not what she wishes, she tries another arrangement of the feathers. Thus she works, arranging and rearranging, until it just fills her idea of what home should be.

While she is thus busying herself, her mate sits near at hand on the roof plate offering encouragement and suggestions in low twitterings, with his head first on one side and then on the other.

As I see Nature from day to day, from week to week, and year to year, the more I am impressed with the feeling that all nature has mind, or something which is very close kin to what we know as mind. I find from the authorities that these birds originally built their nests in hollow trees or under cliffs or other protected places. When man built barns, they immediately found how much better they were in protection, and now they use them almost exclusively. I notice that, although these birds place their nests either

upon the flat top of the roof plate, where the rafter joins, or upon the vertical side of the rafter, they invariably place it in a high secluded position.

The Eave Swallow.

There is only one other bird with which this swallow can be confounded, and that is the eave swallow. Their coloring is very similar; but the barn swallow's tail is very much longer than that of the eave swallow, and is, also, deeply forked, while that of the eave swallow is nearly square.

The back and all the upper surfaces of the barn swallow are deep steel blue, with a metallic lustre. The under parts are rufous. The forehead, also, has a rufous spot. The young birds are similar in their coloring, only the colors are less bright.—*James Speed.*

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

The evening of life takes its character from the day which has preceded it; and Lord Shaftesbury, in the closing years of his long career, exemplified all those excellences of character which had marked his prime, and enjoyed those comforts of religious hope which result from communion with God and service to man. As the outward man began to perish, the inward man was renewed day by day; and, though the suppleness and strength and activity of the body began to fail, the well-exercised soul grew stronger, its vision was wider, its rest more perfect. Beautiful it is, on a calm summer's evening, when the work of the day is nearly done, to watch the sun lingering in the heavens and transforming everything by its golden rays; and not less beautiful is it to gaze upon a saintly life when "at evening-tide it is light."

It had long been his prayer that he "might die in harness," and at his advanced age it could not be but that every act should be clothed with an air of sacredness,—it might be his last. And still he labored on, his faculties keenly alive, his heart tender as ever, his sympathies just as fresh, and his plans as numerous as at any period of his life.

In July (1884) Lord Shaftesbury received a letter which distressed him greatly. It was from a man who had been for more than twenty years connected with gymnasts, acrobats, circus riders, and the like, giving a harrowing description of the tortures to which children were subjected in the "education for their professional career." Although the Parliamentary session was draw-

ing to a close, Lord Shaftesbury would not let it pass without an effort on behalf of the "hundreds, nay thousands, of children who are constantly being immolated on the altar of public amusement." It was not the first time that he had called the attention of the legislature to "exhibitions disgusting to every sense of humanity," but this did not prevent him from a further effort.

In the following year the housing of the poor was still the leading social subject; and a Royal Commission was appointed, on which the Prince of Wales was one of the most active members. The investigations of the commissioners culminated in Lord Salisbury's Act of 1885,—the Housing of the Working Classes Act.

When Lord Salisbury brought forward his motion, on the 22d of February, 1885, for the appointment of a commission, Lord Shaftesbury supported it in an able speech, which, as he records, was "received with singular attention, much cheering, and abundant congratulations." When the commission sat, he was the first witness examined; and, although at his time of life and in his state of health, he dreaded "being summoned before such a tribunal," lest his memory should fail in points of detail, and he should be unable to do justice to the cause he had so much at heart, his evidence was a masterpiece of exhaustive argument, enriched by the experience of sixty years' earnest consideration of the subject. It was invaluable to the commissioners to have, at the outset of their inquiry, the aid of "the first living authority on the housing of the poor."

But we cannot proceed without calling attention to this fact; namely, that from the year 1826, when, as Lord Ashley, he entered Parliament, until these last days of his long career, he never ceased to protest against the evils of political party spirit,—of being one thing in government and another in opposition, of sacrificing personal truth and righteousness for political triumphs. He never ceased to inculcate this great moral lesson,—never more needed than in the present day,—that public life should not be less based on principle than private life. If he had taught the world no other lesson, his life would not have been lived in vain. . . .

On the 22d of May he reached St. Giles's, and on the following Sunday attended the little church he loved so well, read the lessons, and received the communion there for the last time. On the 4th of June he returned to London in an invalid carriage, and on the

following evening "took chair in Exeter Hall of Williams' Refuge, quite safe and happy." A few days later, "essayed to go to Grosvenor House, but turned back (feeling so ill) when near the door." It was a great joy to him that, on the 24th of June, he was able to get to the tea and meeting of the Flower Girls' Mission without harm. "Deep, deep disappointment had I not gone there; for my interest in their welfare is very warm." One cause of deep regret was "obliged to send excuse to my costermongers—was very severely depressed."

The last working days of Lord Shaftesbury were spent in labor and prayer for young children. In a London evening paper there had appeared a series of terrible articles purporting to give an exact account of horrible cruelties and shameful wrongs perpetrated on young and innocent girls. For years past the subject, in one form or another, had been laid upon his heart, and had cost him many days and nights of anxious thought. Thus, on July 30, 1880, he had supported "a strong bill, almost a fearful bill, and capable, no doubt, of enormous abuse, to prohibit little girls under fourteen from living in houses of ill-fame." In 1881 he was actively engaged in dealing with "an abomination, one beyond the power of description for atrocity or of sentiment to feel it,—the trade with Brussels in English and Irish girls." In 1883 he spoke in the House of Lords on the Bill for Protection of Young Girls "from the organized habitual conspiracy, so to speak, against them by the men who nightly watch the factories and workshops, and lay their snares for the poor young things as they return home long after dark." Later in the same year he was "defeated upon an amendment to protect helpless women and defenceless girls from insults and dangers in the streets." Again, in 1884, he made a speech at the Mansion House "in aid of a new society for protection of children against cruelty."

When the latest phase of the subject was revealed, he was almost heart-broken that he had not strength to stand forth as the champion of these poor children. It was not long before that, in conversation with a friend, he had said, "When I feel age creeping on me and know I must soon die,—I hope it is not wrong to say it,—but *I cannot bear to leave the world with all the misery in it.*"

But the set time had come. A troublesome complaint, which had produced great weakness, made rest and change of air indispen-

sable, and toward the end of July he left London forever. . . .

At first it seemed as if a reasonable hope might be entertained that his life would be spared for some years to come. For a fortnight after his arrival he was able to get out in a bath-chair; but his increasing weakness, first of all evidenced by a heavy fall in his room while crossing it, compelled him to remain much indoors. With the least sign, however, of returning health came returning energy; and he had been so long accustomed to running risks from exposure that he did not pay sufficient heed to the changes of the weather, which, in the autumn of this year, were sudden and treacherous. He took a chill, which brought on inflammation of the left lung. Then it became morally certain the end was not far off.

Free from great distressing pain, with consciousness perfectly clear, surrounded by his sons and daughters, whom he loved with an untold and untellable love, undisturbed, by any fear of death, unshaken in faith and in full assurance of hope, he calmly waited the end.

In a cheerful room on the ground floor, looking out on a pleasant lawn, shaded with trees, and with the great wide sea beyond it, the small bed he had brought with him was placed; and here his last days were spent. He could step from his room to the balcony and drink in the life-giving air which he so much enjoyed, and on bright days could look across the sea to the white cliffs of sunny France. Very solemn and very beautiful was the calm of the evening tide, and very sacred was that chamber, in which the prayer was constantly breathed, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

During the interval which elapsed he used to ask his daughters or his valet—which ever happened to be present—to read him portions of the Bible he named to them. Every morning he begged that the Twenty-third Psalm—that short cry of hope, beginning "The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want"—might be read to him.

He was to the last very anxious that the letters which still came to him should be answered, and he used to dictate to his daughter, Lady Templemore, the replies he wished to be sent.

When a letter from the Dean of Westminster was read to him, in which a resting-place in Westminster Abbey was proposed, he said in a low but firm voice, "No,—St. Giles's,—St. Giles's."*

* His country home.

In the sacred chamber where he lay, fully conscious that the end was near, one of his sons, come from Switzerland, where he was tending a loved one in her sickness to whom he had to return, knelt before him at his bidding and received his parting blessing, as the old patriarch laid his hand upon his head, bade him "good-bye," and breathed a prayer. There other of his sons and daughters saw, day by day, the beauty of holiness, the grandeur of the triumph of faith. There one who came to bid him farewell heard words like these, "I am in the hands of God, the ever-blessed Jehovah, in his hands alone, —yes, in his keeping, with him alone."

Then came a day, the 1st of October, when the sun was shining in meridian splendor, flooding his chamber with the light he loved so well. His faithful valet, Goldsmith, handed him something, which he received with the words, "Thank you." These were his last words. And then, a few minutes later, fully conscious to the last moment, he passed, without pain or sigh or struggle, into the ineffable light.

A week later a plain, closed hearse, devoid of all the shows of grief, moved away from the door of his house in Grosvenor Square, followed by five mourning coaches and a few private carriages and hack cabs,—as simple a funeral procession as ever marked the public obsequies of a great man. It needed not the pomp of any earthly pageant to do him honor. Flowers, sent by poor and rich alike, completely filling the large room from which the body had been removed, formed the only and the most fitting display. There were thousands assembled in Grosvenor Square whose hearts were heavy and whose eyes were red with weeping for the best friend the poor ever had, and thousands more were lining the streets through which the procession was to pass. It was touching to see the blinds drawn close in the club-houses and mansions of St. James's Street and Pall Mall, but it was far more touching to see groups upon groups of artisans, seamstresses, laborers, factory hands, flower girls,—the poor and the destitute from all quarters of London,—gathered there to pay their last mark of respect and affection. It was no crowding together of sightseers. Even the poorest of the poor had managed to procure some little fragment of black to wear upon the coat sleeve or in the bonnet. The stillness was solemn and impressive; and, as the simple procession passed, every head was uncovered and bowed as with a personal

sorrow. He had "clothed a people with spontaneous mourning, and was going down to the grave amid the benedictions of the poor."

As the funeral *cortège* passed into Parliament Street, a sight was seen which will never be forgotten while this generation lasts. Grouped on the east, or river, side of the street were deputations from the homes and refuges and training ships, from the Costermongers' Society, from missions and charities, each with their crape banners, emblazoned with such words as these, "Naked and ye clothed me," "A stranger and ye took me in." Bands of music playing "The Dead March" in "Saul" were ranged at intervals; and, as the procession passed, these, heading the deputations, fell in and marched toward the Abbey.

Rarely, if ever, had there been seen such a company assembled in Westminster Abbey as on that day. Royalty was represented, the Church, both Houses of Parliament, diplomacy, municipal power, society, were represented; but the real significance of that enormous gathering, filling every inch of space, lay in the spontaneous homage of the thousands of men and women representing all that was powerful for good in the whole land. The Abbey was full of mourners. Never before in the memory of living men had there been brought together at one time, in one place, and with one accord, so many workers for the common good, impelled by a deep and tender sympathy in a common loss. For no other man in England or in the world could such an assembly have been gathered together.

While the coffin stood under the lantern of the church, buried beneath masses of exquisite wreaths,—the offering of the Crown Princess of Germany resting beside the "Loving Tribute from the Flower Girls of London,"—strong men wept as they gazed on the sea of upturned faces, every face bearing traces of sorrow.

At no moment was the solemnity deeper than when, after the grand old music of Purcell and Croft had ceased, and the sweet words of Christian joy and the strong words of Christian confidence in the burial service had been uttered, that vast congregation joined in singing Charles Wesley's hymn:—

"Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one."

Tears were in the trembling voices, and the

faltering notes told how profound was the sorrow.

Then, when the dean had pronounced the benediction, the coffin was slowly borne away, to be taken to its final resting-place in St. Giles's Church.

As the hearse moved from the Abbey, the band of the Costermongers' Temperance Society playing the hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," a poor laboring man, with tattered garments, but with a piece of crape sewed on to his sleeve, turned to one who stood beside him and with a choking voice said: "Our Earl's gone! God A'mighty knows he loved us and we loved him. We shan't see his likes again!"

It was but one tribute of ten thousand paid that day to the friend of the poor.

Next day in the little church of St. Giles's, in the presence of sons and daughters and personal friends, the Dorset and Wiltshire tenantry, and the servants of the household, the "good Earl" was laid to rest in the ancestral burying-place, beside the faithful and loving wife and the gentle daughters he loved so tenderly.

Very touching and impressive was the singing of the final hymn that closed the simple service:—

"Now the laborer's task is o'er
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

"My Lords," said the Duke of Argyll, in a memorable speech in 1885, upon the political situation, "the reforms of the last century have not been mainly due to the liberal party. They have been due mainly to the influence, character, and perseverance of one man,—Lord Shaftesbury."

It was a life for which the nation must ever remain grateful,—a life which has left an indelible mark on the history of the country. He was the founder of a new order of men who, inspired by his example and infected by his enthusiasm, followed, and still follow, in his footsteps. His life moved steadily along in one undeviating course, everything being brought into subjection to the self-imposed work he had undertaken, and nothing attempted but in an earnest and religious spirit. There was never any halting or hesitation in his opinions or purposes. Once satisfied that a cause needed help and that it filled a place unoccupied, he went "straight

onward" with it, never turning to the right hand or to the left. He was intensely practical, and, above all things, an honest worker and a setter of others to work. He did not say to them, "Go," but "Come with me," laying it down as a principle that abundant mutual intercourse is the very life of practical unity. Thus he became the ordained counsellor of others, the inspirer of their activity, their referee in every difficulty, the suggester of new movements. He never stood aloof from any good work by whomsoever proposed nor from any fellow-worker, however humble; and he was as ready to lead an unpopular as a popular cause. A man of singular unselfishness, of rare determination, perseverance, and courage, with an unfailing perception of right and wrong, and a wise and far-reaching sagacity, he had one single aim and purpose,—to do good. That undaunted courage, that burning zeal, that tender sympathy, all sprang from deep-rooted convictions of the duties and responsibilities of life as revealed in the holy Scriptures. His name was the password of a cause among all the Christians of Europe; he inspired universal confidence by the purity of his personal character, the dignity of his bearing, the accuracy and accumulation of his knowledge; and he won affection everywhere by tones, by looks, by gestures, by little acts of kindness recurring daily and hourly. From first to last he was a reliable man. It was known where he was to be found on every moral, social, and religious question, and that he could never be entrapped into the advocacy of anything that was not good, to gratify the claims of friends or the interests of party. His whole life was a call to others to stand fast, to quit themselves like men, and to be strong. He laid his hand on the heart of his country and caused it to beat with reviving life. "When the ear heard him, it blessed him; and, when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him, because he delivered the poor that cried and the fatherless and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He was eyes to the blind, and feet was he to the lame. He was a father to the poor."

His work lives on in its fruits, and it will live forever; and he, being dead, yet speaks in lives inspired by his example and made bright and beautiful and useful and happy by his toil. A whole generation of children has risen up to call him blessed, and a generation is rising, among whom, influenced

by his life, will be found many to adopt, as the motto of their lives, the motto of his family,—*LOVE, SERVE.*—From "*The Life of the Earl of Shaftesbury*," by Hodder.

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

NEWTON, March 17, 1838.

One word more about Mr. Emerson. You call him one-sided, but to my distorted vision everything is one-sided, or rather *parts* of the whole; that is, whatever his character at all. He fills a niche in the universe which has hitherto been empty, so don't quarrel with him for not comprehending all statutory in his single person.

Miss Grimke holds forth all next week in Boston. She is much admired and has some chance of bringing abolition into fashion there.

Miss Martineau's book is said to be full of unmitigated gossip, and the stories of her telling that come back from England would make your hair stand on end. I am glad to see Mr. Francis's book come back so quick, and that Mr. Harding finds so much to do. I hope he paints Georgiana and Emma Keats. Those deep and broad eyes would shine well from canvas. Your tableaux must have been very fine. I wish I had seen them.

BOSTON, April 7, 1838.

My dear James,—Mr. Alcott joined me the other day as I came out of church and walked home with me, and I asked him about his prospects and plans, as I had heard that he was about to remove to Concord with two or three children under his care. This he has not decided to do, for I suppose it is hardly a prospect of support for his family.

He says Mrs. Alcott says to him, "Why do you not go to Louisville and be minister at large?" and he does not know but he would if he could get his bread by it. What do you think? He would be an admirable person for it, I think, in every respect. I asked him if his wife would not be very much excited and distressed at seeing slavery, and he thought she could make up her mind to it; and I suppose she could if she chose. If you think it would do, do ask him to come at once, or write to the Association what you think about it and tell them to ask him. He would be so good a person to talk and preach to the children and their parents. He says now that his

greatest trouble is that he has nothing to do. He has five or six scholars, and he spends his "golden mornings" upon them, and goes home dissatisfied with having done so little, and then the remembrance of how it has been will obtrude upon him. I know that he and his family are *all but* starving, but he does not complain of that. As you once said, he starves gracefully. His grave and reverend aspect would suit the mission better, it is certain, than Mr. —'s beauty and *gaieté de cœur*. In short I think it would do very well. If you think so, you had better write to him and make him *au fait* to what his situation will be when he gets there,—what sort of people and prejudices he will have to deal with, etc. He seems to have a sort of dread of the want of refinement which he supposes prevails there, and fears that he could not meet it properly. Besides I think he desires to influence the upper classes more than the lower, supposing he can do it better. I wish it might be arranged.

I have finished your little picture and like it very well myself; and it is perhaps the only picture of my own of which I can say the same thing. I do not know when I shall send it to you, for I have got a frame for it which renders it too large for any traveller's trunk.

I saw Dr. Flint the other evening, and he spoke to me of most of our friends. I shall write to Emma Keats and ask her to come and stay with us during the vacation.

Thank you for the Faust. The sequel is new to me, and rather unintelligible. It seems a rough copy.

Your affectionate sister,
SARAH.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Miss Kate L. Watson, Post-office Box 57, Worcester, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address *plainly* (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

CHARADE.

The egotist my *first* employs,
And it completes his bliss;
The school-boy finds it in a noise,
The lover in a kiss.

When on the field in dread array,
Opposing legions wait the fray;
When trumpets sound and banners wave,
The watchword, Victory, or the grave;
Where'er my *second* may be found.
The bravest knights will there abound.

What though my *third* the soldier spurns
With undisguised disdain,
To it the farmer gladly turns
To cultivate the plain.
My *whole* a gallant warrior's name,
The idol of the fair;
A wizard celebrates his fame,
You'll find my subject there. —*Selected.*

II.

HIDDEN COLLEGES.

"Here I am, her studious brother, sitting
on the bow doing my duty, letting Wesley
and Rob row," said Will. "I am so early a
leader. Throw the dart! Mouth shut."
Before taking the trip on to Berlin Rob ate
some pop corn. Ella gave it to him. On the
blacksmith's tufts of grass sat an Indian and
his squaw, who live two miles away. —*Selected.*

III.

CHARADE.

My first beloved of many an ancient dame,
From the Orient in my second came.
A glorious whole, of which each forms a part,
Thou art not science, but thou teachest art.
—*Selected.*

IV.

CHARADE.

If I had been in Marmion's place
When Stanley urged him to the chase,
A thing you clearly would descry,
Would bring a tear to many an eye.
—*From "A Century of Charades."*

V.

CONUNDRUMS.

"Why do you wear your clothes so
ragged?" asked a lady of a tramp. In reply
he named his occupation. What was it?

2. When is a thought like cider?
 3. A hunter saw a pack of seven wolves.
He shot one of them. How many remained?
- Selected.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY.

- | | | |
|----|-----------------|-------------------|
| I. | 1. Banishment. | 5. Massachusetts. |
| | 2. Aristocrats. | 6. Quarantine. |
| | 3. Gladiator. | 7. Calendars. |
| | 4. Immigrants. | 8. Vinegar. |

- II. T r y
R y e
Y e s.

III. Rearrange the punctuation marks.

IV. The discord is within that jars
So sadly in life's song.
'Tis we, not they, who are at fault,
When others seem so wrong.
—*Frederic Faber.*

V. Sumac (Sue Mac).

VI. 1. They are Cæsars (Seizers).
2. His necktie.
3. I C U (I see you).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To C. L., Watertown, Mass.—You are quite
right in saying that the anagram, "N.T.
has a motor," is incorrect. It was written
intentionally "N.T. has a Moter," but the
compositor or some one else corrected the
spelling.

"Must teach ass'I" in the May number
should have been "must teach ass's."

BOOK CLUB: BELATED OFFERS.

The Cohasset Branch of the Women's
Alliance has a barrel of magazines which
they will send to any one who will pay the
freight. Address Miss Sara E. Fox, Cohasset,
Mass.

I have a few little books for the use of
Sunday-school teachers, containing questions
and answers for assistance in teaching, not
on Bible study, but on applying religion
to the daily life. These are old, but in good
condition. They are intended for older
classes (except one). I should like to give
them to a Sunday-school whose teachers
do not find books of this sort easy to obtain.
Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt.
Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

This number contains the last extracts
from the "Life of Lord Shaftesbury." We
shall begin some new biographical sketches
in the next. The "Letters of a Sister" will
be continued through the year. Back num-
bers containing the portions previously
printed will be sent to any reader of the
Cheerful Letter who desires to receive them
(this includes both the extracts from Lord
Shaftesbury's Life and the "Letters"). New
subscribers may also receive these by ad-
dressing Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia,
Mass. (This is Miss Clarke's summer ad-
dress.)

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

The editor will send to any minister who desires to receive them, the previous numbers of the *Cheerful Letter* containing extracts from the Life of Lord Shaftesbury, the great philanthropist of the nineteenth century.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

The editor reminds those who send requests for books to be printed in the *Book Club*, that these must be sent to the Book Club secretary. If sent to the editor the insertion is inevitably postponed, in some cases omitted altogether.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable. Do not offer odd numbers of periodicals, but send them directly to one of the many stations where they are acceptable.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our assistant secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter.

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